Upon The

ARRIVAL

OF

His Excellency

HENRY, Earl of Clarendon,

And His Entring upon the GOVERNMENT of

IRELAND

On the 9th of January 1685.

Mart. Ep.

Phosphore redde diem; quid Gaudia nostra moraris
Cæsare venturo? Phosphore, redde diem.

I.

When Glorious ORMONDE, as belov'd as Great,
His gentle course of Government being run,
With the Day's Ruler in the Ocean set,
And laid the Burden of his Empire down;

II.

Like Northern Mariners our longing eyes
A thousand times towards the East were sent,
Expecting still the same Bright Sun wou'd rise,
And bring us back the Joys which with him went.

Mean

III.

Mean while the wish'd-for Blessing to ensure
Our Earthly God design'd for us below,
His absence, that we better might endure,
Two shining Stars he did on us bestow.

IV.

Stars, to benighted Mariners still dear,
Benine and joyful as the God of Light:
Who wheresoe're together they appear,
Quickly remove all terrors of the night.

V.

Ever-Immortal *Castor* first did shine,
The Universal Angel, and the Kingdoms eye:
With whom our *Jove* did noble *Pollux* joyn
To share in *Castor*'s immortality.

VI.

The radiant Pair both now, and heretofore
Have made us safe with their united Beam:
We fear'd no Rock, nor heard no Tempest rore,
Enlightned once, and influenc'd by them.

VII.

Perhaps some noisy *Bug-bear* of the night,
Or stalking shade which dares not see the day,
May howl and menace, and the feeble fright,
And hurt the timerous — because he may.

VIII.

Such empty *Mormo*s possibly might scare
The unexperienc'd Mariners a-while:
But these bright Stars such happy *Omens* are,
As make the knowing at their threatnings smile.

IX.

For now the shining Twin's about to set
Point out to us another rising Sun,
Which will the Phantoms of the night defeat,
And make grim *Specters* from his presence run.

Not

IX.

Not the Illustrious *Ormonde*; whose bright ray
So long had cheer'd us, we desir'd it still:
But a new Sun will walk in *Ormonde*'s way,
And all that Princes brave designs fulfil.

XI.

Sprung from a Loyal Sire, renown'd and wise,
A-kin to Princes, and to Crowns ally'd;
Whom great men Honour, and whom good men prize:
How happy are we in so blest a Guide!

XII.

Hail glorious Light! long look'd for Sun, all hail!
Welcom as Day to Winter-Passengers:
Whose warm and pow'rful influence will not fail
To raise our spirits, and repress our fears.

XIII.

He with wise Conduct and resistless Art
Will charm our foes which either stalk or lurch;
Fresh vigor and new courage will impart
To a faint Kingdom and a frighted Church.

XIV.

Then, *Ireland*, once more lift thy drooping head,
And read thy safety in thy Ruler's face:
His pow'r, which cou'd ev'n raise thee from the dead,
Will soon restore thee to thy former Grace.

XV.

From out an Orb of able States-men chose
By our Discerning Monarch wise, as just;
He's judg'd most fit thy troubles to compose,
And to make good his Princes mighty trust.

XVI.

Our Churches firm support and friend He'll prove;
The Laws Protector, Learnings Patron too:
The Good will cherish, and the Loyal love;
All this, and more than this, He'll Be, and Do.

XVII.

Arise then, Gracious *CLARENDON*, and sway
That people who have long'd for your arrive:
Who'll love your person, and with joy obey,
Ev'n while the God-like *Ormonde* is alive.

XVIII.

The Sun and You do now together get,
And give new light, Life, influence to men.
May You unlike to Him never set,
Or, like Him, ever rise to us again.

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